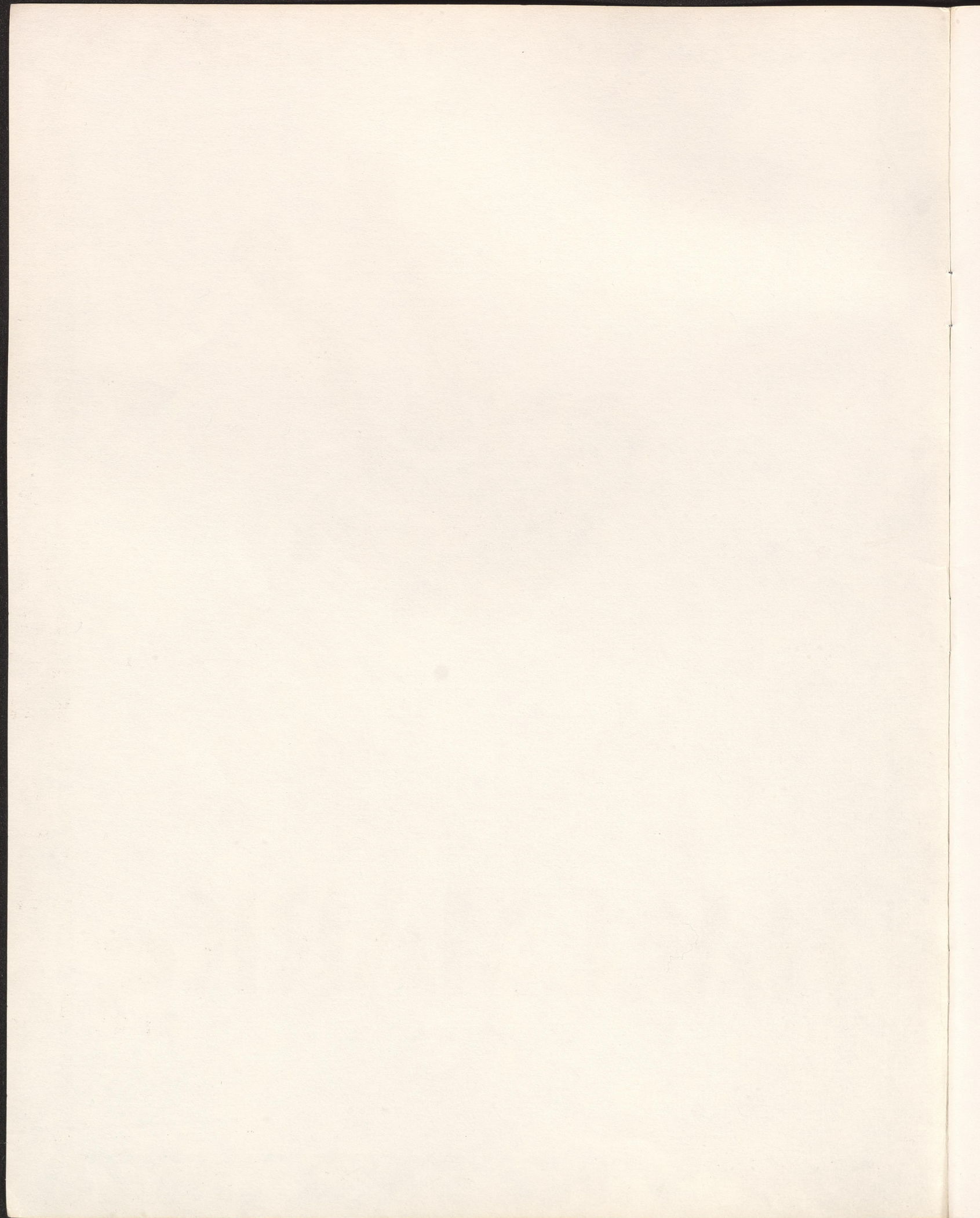


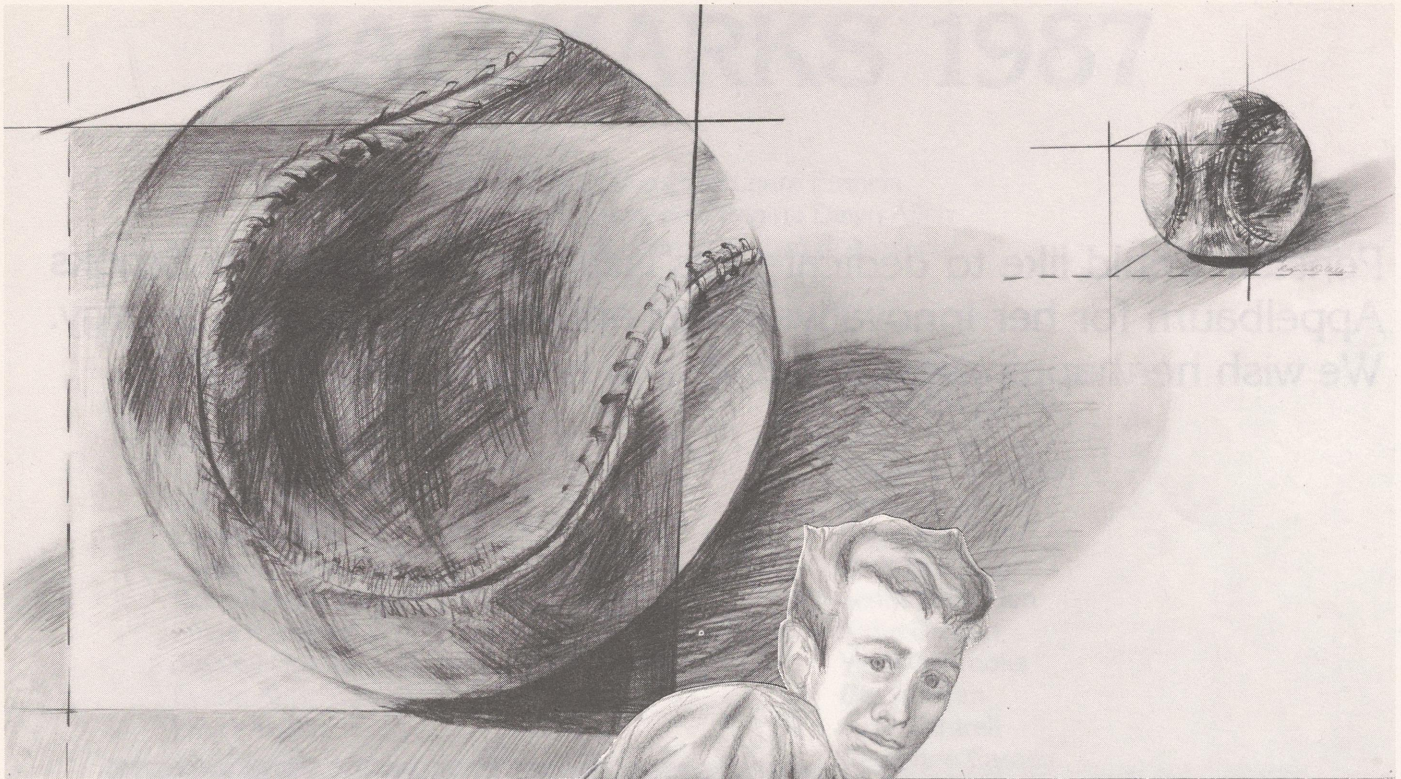


**HALLMARKS**









Regina Dawn Allen



Catherine Carney



Penstaff would like to dedicate this issue of *Hallmarks* to Brooks Appelbaum for her innovative ideas and her inspirational energy. We wish her happiness and success in her own creative future.



Holley Fuller



# HALLMARKS 1987

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\*Front cover derived from Irene F. Whittome







SENIOR IN SEPTEMBER  
Melanie Russell '87

school days  
school haze  
did we ever leave?

was summer there  
that month, that pair  
or is that what we believed?

it's all so new  
yet painfully familiar  
will it be the same?

yes—these months  
will fly by, too  
but soon we'll know the change.



Jennifer Braden

Rachel Anne Frey '87

They were stranded together.  
Together, then, apart then together again  
without ever moving.  
Their world revolved only by dreaming and  
guessing never by turning.  
They never touched, they only felt.  
And they parted without ever meeting.



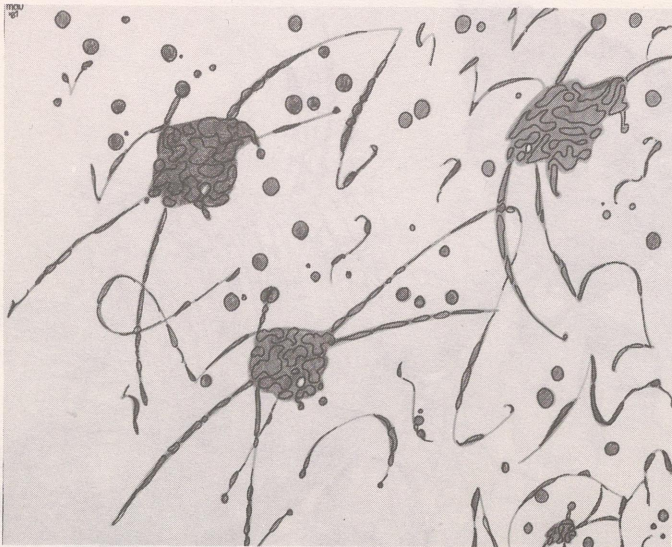
Olivia Daane

TOOYOUNG  
Regina Dawn Allen '87

I hold something in your  
blue framed  
mind; I could have.  
I could have held it  
endless: another Vesuvius in  
another land (you  
pondering Stevens and grinning  
madly at  
our attempts) but your  
intrigue took you and  
I hit reality and held  
a suspended memory—then  
a void instead.  
now alone I swing my  
legs from this ending platform, caught  
in the dappling sunlight  
wondering if you are  
grinning at my own  
attempts.  
But you have already  
passed that test and  
now I hold what  
I absorbed from your still-framed  
mind revealed in a deeper, more  
endless shade  
of blue \*  
“listen  
for me, I (go on), but  
the true part of my heart  
stops  
in wait for you”

\*Cecilia Wong, 1986 Hallmarks, "For You"





THE ROPE  
Laura Matter '87

Missy Williams

The boy inhales,  
expanding his already pudgy chest,  
and views  
above him  
the  
tall  
rope

and the many strands  
supporting one another.  
Mr. Dally says he must climb it.  
He wipes his moist hands

on his new  
blue  
jeans  
and places them  
into position  
on  
the  
rope.

His bright new  
velcroed sneakers  
fly into the air  
and scramble toward  
a place  
on  
the  
rope.  
He grips  
higher  
first with his right hand  
then with his left,  
and then entices  
his feet  
to follow,  
repeating this procedure  
until he is  
halfway  
up  
the  
rope.

The boy feels  
the stares  
and mockery  
as he now breathes harder.

He feels  
the red brighten his ears  
and the sweat  
dripping  
off  
of

his fat, ruddy cheeks.

The boy closes his eyes  
and holds on

like a knot bulging

in

the

rope

where the children see

his soft hair

plastered to his temples

and the red and blue striped elastic

appearing

above his

drooping jeans.

The boy relieves his

weary arms and

burning hands,

sliding helplessly

down

the

rope

to the

dusty ground.





REVERIES

Regina Dawn Allen '87

spiders on the ceiling begin to  
twirl and the shadow becomes a circle.  
and I remember running through  
the field  
through the back yard and  
climbing down the creek bed.  
I navigated this  
bed and walked over hills and hills;  
but now I wonder what is  
behind his eyes, what turns and turns  
those thoughts I would create, but  
I cannot navigate this one  
because they would not be his.  
so I dream

spiders on the ceiling begin to  
slow and the circle separates into  
a thousand shadows.

Individuality lost  
in the foliage;  
crawling grimy bodies  
face after face  
smeared into one  
black line  
by an invisible hand.

sore arms of  
children reaching,  
reaching for the  
armoured baby  
whose cries will  
kill which one first?

dying arms of  
men reaching,  
reaching from their knees  
to the hand  
that made them.

Take the pain.

numb the senses  
to the stench of  
broken bloody bodies—  
bodies without names,  
without faces,  
pushed over the edge,  
piled in death,  
too young—  
I'm too young!  
too late.

Sarah Mills '88

Sitting on the porch step overlooking the lawn  
I gaze down in the woods  
At the weather-beaten structure:  
The boards slowly rotting,  
The nails slowly rusting,  
The roof slowly sinking to meet the floor below.

At one time my father and I marched  
Down into the woods,  
Where we laid down four cement blocks  
Upon which we would create a magical castle.  
It had a slanted roof and a small deck  
Where I would sit and let my legs dangle over the side.  
Endless afternoons were spent there—  
Much to the envy of my neighbors.

Rain starts to spatter onto the cement of the patio  
Forcing me back into a reality to which  
I do not wish to return.  
I look once more down to the treehouse  
As the steady rain starts to cloud my vision  
And I get up and go inside.



Catherine Carney



No matter how long the preparation, how hard the concentration, or how deep the thought, the actuality of making a substantial grade is beyond all reality. Or so that was the thought penetrating my brain as I left the pitiful paper to fend for itself in the cruel, competitive world of English tests. Well, all's fair in pen and ink and another English teacher makes another notch in the belt. I went home on that sad but familiar note and ritualistically made myself blueberry muffins with blue food dye for that extra blue effect that had affected my mood so violently. As usual, the muffins were close to perfect; I only wish I could say the same about my test. I'm sure it was saying some fairly nasty things on my behalf. I could envision my English teacher's wry grin.

As I wandered out to the mailbox, cursing myself writing this but knowing it was actually that, I did one of those typical, everyday things that I seem to do with perfection, I tripped. Steady, steady, I thought as I casually looked around to see if anyone was watching. To my horror and dismay, everyone that I had ever met had that don't-you-feel-like-a-fool grin. I was surrounded and I could feel the blood ease into my face, how could I escape? Blend into the atmosphere, shrink into oblivion, or grow beyond all beliefs and step on them (how would I explain myself?)? No, stand there, do nothing, and they will quickly get bored and walk away. Such luck. I hope I never see any of them again.

I continued my journey to the mailbox watching my every step and wondering where they all came from and where they all went. But walking consumed all of my concentration and that is what I thought about. Soon, it became apparent to me that I might never reach the mailbox so I sat down to rest. I could see it looming in the distance waiting for me with its jaw slightly open in a wide grin. I could not help but wonder as to its contents. Could there be something for me? I had to discover this; my curiosity peaked. Would it be worth my agony? I could not let my hopes and expectations get out of hand. Resuming the forementioned journey, I felt that I was making good progress and excitement pricked at my blood. Still concentrating on my step, I began walking faster and then I broke into a cheerful gait almost exulted with anticipation.

When I acquired my destination, trembling, I pulled down the iron jaw and reached inside. Then, this gust of confusion gathered around me and sucked me into the mailbox where there was only one dinky, tropical postcard, and worse, it was for my brother. So for lack of anything better to do I walked to the back of the mailbox to see what I could see. A heavy, dense feeling was in the air as I went further into the box. The kind of suppressed feeling that you get when looking at pictures of tropical rain forests, particularly those of a brilliant blue nature. An odor of wild, untamed earth drew me in deeper. It was just how I had always imagined an African jungle, only without the eggs. I think that everywhere there was supposed to be a pebble or a rock, there was an egg in its place. Everything was green and misty and felt like a pasted collage. I began my adventure through this mystical jungle and wondered if I had had the right shots, you never know about these places. Everywhere I looked I was in direct contact with some sort of ancient paradise. Worn statues cluttered with bouncing monkeys, trees hiding swaying elephants, and flowers with lions resting on the petals.

Music drifted through the rising steam, at least it was music to me. A series of drums pounded patterns with voices and whistles to match. Excitement filled my yolk-caked feet. Still concentrating on my walking, I wondered how people in the movies dashed off through the forest and managed to stay on their feet. I broke into a clearing and felt that I had interrupted something, something very important. The music died and I felt at least an entire tribe gazing at me. There seemed to be some sort of ceremony in progress and in the ritual past I had not been a part of the program. I think they took it well, though.

A ten-year-old girl approached me, I think she was a dignitary because everyone else spaced out and let her do the work. She inspected me and I studied her and we smiled. Then she took my hand and led me to the focal point of the entire ceremony, the apex of their year, the ritual that brings harmony and goodness, prosperity and peace, the "egging." I watched the faces around me filled with boredom and expectation. A slow, steady beat filled the wind and rattled the trees. There stood to my left a collection of eggs and to my right an ornately dressed little native boy. The girl put an egg in my right hand, smiled, and turned me around so that I was facing the most hysterical thing I have ever seen, my English teacher, bound to two bamboo posts. With a distorted and horrifying look on her face, she tried to appeal to me. I could not keep from laughing; cruelty shook through my bones. I held the egg lightly and rolled it on my fingertips. Her eyebrows raised in a helpless plea, but I had my doubts. I looked to the little boy and he nodded; I looked to the little girl but she shook her head. I could see the anguish melt in my English teacher's face. I smiled. She grinned and relaxed, seeing that I had come to my senses. But then I shrugged, squeezed the egg and gave her my best shot. I heard the drums quicken with the splat and the egg oozed down her face. I thought of what a cruel, heartless, vicious, and utterly repulsive thing I had done, but poetic justice is never pretty.

A gust of confusion left me bewildered as I looked around the room at the other students madly trying to write everything they know whether or not it pertains to the modestly impossible essay. I looked at the clock and cursed myself for daydreaming such precious time away. My English teacher smiled sympathetically as she snatched my test. Despondent, I left the pitiful paper to fend for itself in the cruel, competitive world of English tests.





Lyn Robinson '88

whales  
gather green  
for a sharp silk scream

morning

ordained in flame  
slides by  
in a hungry aftermath  
questioning

expansive and elusive  
green gathers  
in water and  
moves earth silently  
as morning

wails

Regina Dawn Allen

Olivia Daane '88

Looking back, all I see,  
Is nothing coming, nothing gone

Leaning back, I smile on good times,  
Forgotten go, the things done wrong

Falling back I am reminded  
of the frequent tear-filled dawns

But stepping forward arms uplifted,  
Shoulders high and head the same  
I smile at me at you at them  
and at the life I'll never blame

Sarah E. Ruccio '89

a thousand faces  
pressed together  
a collage of  
coloured expression  
not only the eyes  
but the mouth,  
the jaw, the lines  
on the cheeks.  
they are all actors  
but do they know?  
is it real  
or do they  
play the parts  
as I do  
as if someone  
somewhere is  
always watching  
and thinking  
how real it seems.



Regina Dawn Allen



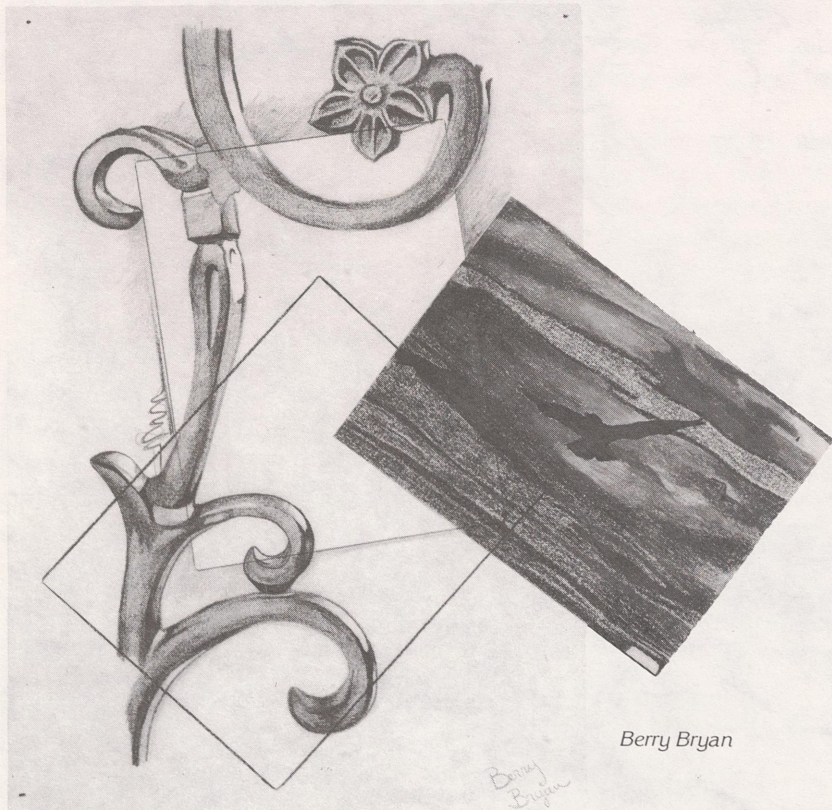
Sarah E. Ruccio '89

Sad but not lonely  
The willow tree grows  
In Spring lovers whisper  
What only she'll know  
She'll remember from summer  
How the young children played  
And the fair souls who slept  
In her cool, protective shade.

But now as Autumn  
Is drawing near,  
She weeps in fierce  
But hidden fear  
And closer the August  
sun appears,  
Her leaves fall—  
as soft, warm tears.

But as the sun can tie  
Rain in a colorful bow,  
So he smiles at her tears,  
Relieving her sorrow.

Though time rings wisdom  
'Round the heart of a tree,  
The Willow still fears  
What others may see,  
Yet she longs for the golden  
Embrace of the Sun,  
And wonders if the stars  
Have already won.

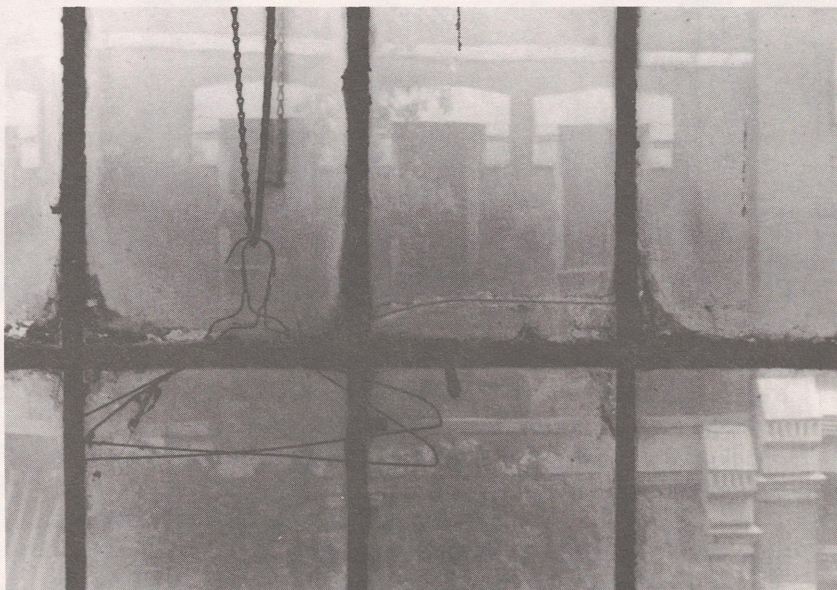


Berry Bryan

DISTORTION  
Laura Francis '87

Eye can see—only one.  
One eye knows it's flowers, the other thinks it's a  
band of elves invading the room.  
Focusing remains impossible—r-e-blurrr-d-blurrr-n-g-  
how can I be reading if I cannot read?

It's late.  
I must remove the powerful lens,  
And return to the cloudy world where overcoats resemble  
gorillas,  
And open doors reveal shadows wandering in the dark.



Mimi Baker

UNITY  
Lihbin Shiao '90

Surging over, crashing down, into, within  
to the deepest point, each note.  
Intimate tales of stars  
and glorious heaven above  
Moonlit forests with black earth  
and air so clear and keen  
if eyes were closed  
blend into one being.  
Mesmerizing every part  
filling every corner with peaceful harmony  
A oneness of equality  
as the weak breeze  
Sweeps over each branch, each leaf,  
down, down to the ground  
and over a face spelling sleep  
interweaving over and over  
until it surrounds completely  
to form one heart, one essence, one being  
A unity of earth, sea and man.



## CONFESSIONS

Olivia Daane '88

I am lost...in myself...in me...in what I am. I am frightened...for the future...for the past...for the present. I am hidden by my insecurity...my blindness...my unwillingness to let my light show forth. I am misunderstood by many...seen as what I am not. Behind this ornamented shield I stand knowing full well that it is I who have painted every detail on its seemingly strong exterior. I have closed my eyes only opening them ever so often so as to capture a few lingering sun spots that will eventually fade. But I am not alone in this state through which I wander. I wish well the others and myself, but what I wish us I do not know. How small I am on this earth...how small my steps...my tears...my gestures. I feel...I experience...and though I give I seldom share. I need so much...but "all in time." I wonder if others study the back of my neck as I study theirs. It's all very simple, yet so overwhelming. Life is something my hand attempts to carve. Yet being as it is...all the words in the world leave it still unexplained. Even this like a wrinkle on my hand only leads to another. The first instinct is to hesitate but instead I leap...and inevitably land, my heel just catching a fragile blade of grass suddenly supporting the weight of this world.

## AWAKENING

Paige Ferragina '89

What once I believe to be reality vanished  
from my eyes, and it is no more.  
What once I believed to be truth  
swept over me, and now it is gone.  
What once I believed to be stable ran  
wild, and now it is in ruin.  
What once I believed I could depend on  
turned away from me, and now I stand alone.

I no longer seek the answers in others, or in  
their supposed goodness.  
I no longer expect the future to compensate  
empty past.  
I no longer cling to others' wishes, or  
seek to fulfill their demands.  
For I know that all the happiness I  
need is overflowing within me.

## FIRST LOVE REMEMBERED

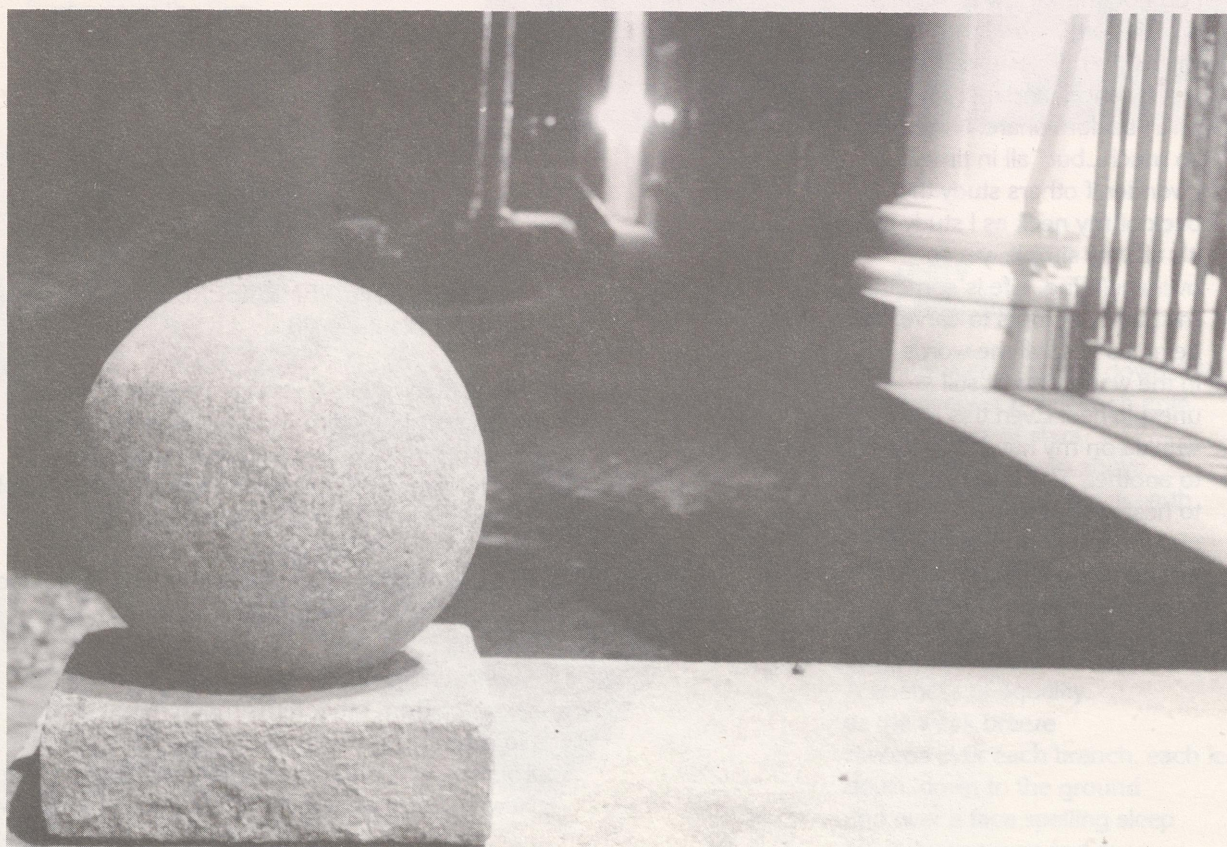
Beth Blaufuss '88

"His presence stirs a strange unsettling fire,  
When wondrous him my restless eyes behold;  
My skin with painful sweetness, new desire  
Yearns to be touched by him whose touch is gold.  
Touch me? He cannot—no, no, I cannot—oh,  
Unworthy am I. No alchemist's spell  
Could gild my plain face, my tied tongue, and so  
I watch, worship, wait, captive in love's hell."  
And I laugh, glancing back at she who burned  
And loved. First passion caught me unawares,  
Yet since from other hims much have I learned;  
No more I brood with doubt and wistful stares.  
Foolish I was, and yet—some good remains:  
New wisdom, wrought with tears from young love's pains.





Shana MacKenzie



Beth Blaufuss



Melanie Russell '87

You—you were my friend.  
You were always there.  
But that was then.  
We've grown; we've learned.  
This transition has been bittersweet,  
like a tender memory  
tarnished by mature knowledge.  
Something happened.  
You changed more than I,  
in a different direction.  
I let you grow—I had to watch.  
To try to stop the sands of time is futile.  
But remember this—  
you always had my faith.  
I gave you my hope,  
my care, my love.  
But sometime during the transition,  
you—my constant friend—  
you lost my respect.  
Perhaps I took it back.  
Perhaps you left it behind.  
But you no longer possess it.  
You changed.  
You used to be different—  
you rose above all of it.  
But you ceased your resistance—  
You became one of them—  
the common, the rebellious, the uniform.  
Somewhere, among those tarnished memories,  
there is a flawless memory—  
one of you long ago  
as my friend,  
the one who was always there.  
Maybe someday you'll realize—  
you'll see your mistakes—  
you'll turn around.  
Maybe then these memories can be polished,  
erased of their surface blemishes.  
Until then, my friend,  
I'll remain here beside you,  
or behind you—where you left me.  
But remember this—  
once given, some gifts will never be retrieved;  
a friend is always a friend.  
Inside, you still possess  
my faith, my hope,  
my care, my love;  
and someday, with transitions,  
that will take all of us  
and tarnish or polish arbitrarily,  
someday I may give you one last gift—  
the one you lost along the way—  
someday.



Lihbin Shiao

MY MOTHER  
Olivia Daane '88

Thirty-four years between us stand  
Yet as I see her reflection  
In the mirror before us  
It is somehow mine.  
I think she agrees as she  
Wistfully stares at the lighted stage  
That can be mine now  
But no longer hers.

But, she breathes a sigh of relief  
On the passed years as she  
Watches me cry in my confusion,  
Over the purpose of being sixteen,  
That she has already overcome.  
Perhaps my years, my reflection,  
My stage with its eventual curtain—  
Perhaps my life revitalizes hers?

Yet looking in our mirror, I am not  
Surprised by her faint bewilderment.  
For I know the wrinkles etched  
Year by year hide the  
Beating heart of a child  
Taking its first steps.



# SKIN

Lyn Robinson '88

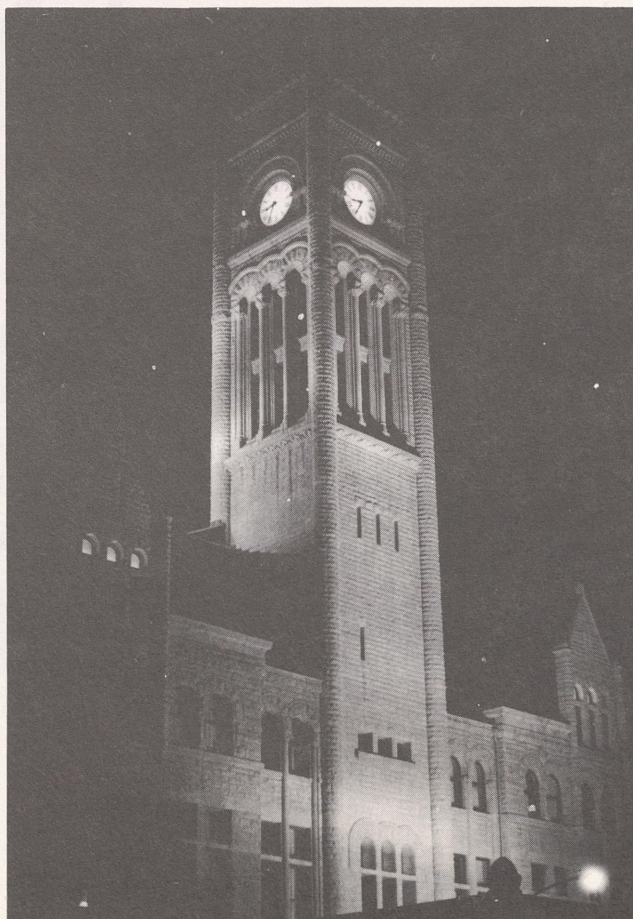
goodbye  
innocent deception  
smiling self-pity  
snickering self-denial  
glamorous hatred  
killing rain  
ruins of love  
lost morals  
lost virtues  
losing life  
living lies  
to let  
you know  
I'm not  
sorry  
down joints  
waking in  
blue room  
swimming land  
stammering knowledge  
acid snow  
me  
we  
burning  
black jelly  
corporate shame  
effortless change  
doing no  
end of good  
not exactly  
gold fish  
selling their skin just like you and me  
hitting hard  
cutting deep  
sowing seeds  
unable to reap  
merry christmas

1/2  
the way  
and shot  
in fog  
out fog  
fogging vision  
fogging  
universal truth

hello, it's me again, i love

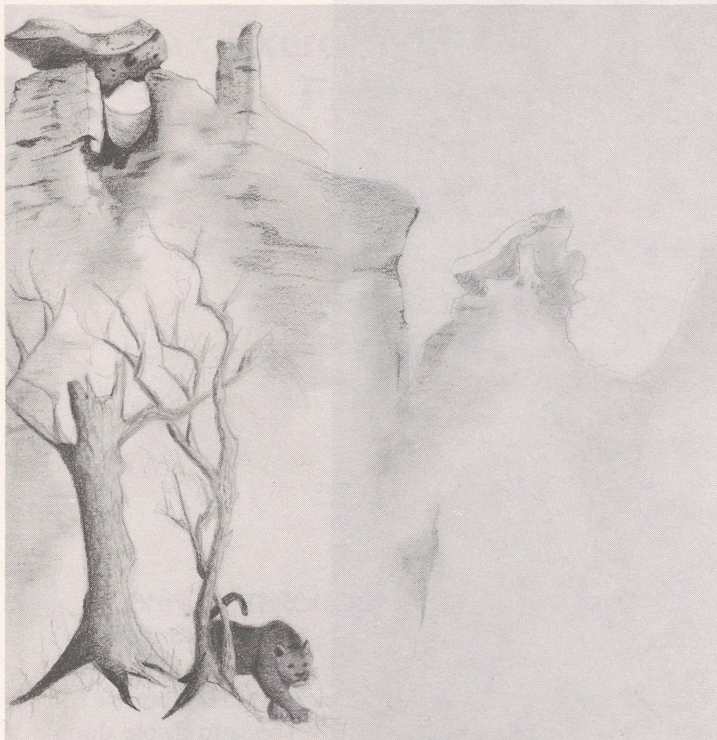


Lyn Robinson



Alexis Stanton





Melanie Russell '87

Jennifer Braden

the blackness burns with color;  
black is the ultimate color  
the black of the night  
the black of your eyes  
the blackness that keeps us together

we sit and watch the sky grow deep  
and feel the burning touch  
we sit and talk, but do not speak  
just trusting that our love,

despite its truths and tales and tears  
will over-rule the odds  
conflicting emotions  
depicting devotions of  
the rainbow of the salt of the sobs

the blackness burns with color;  
black is the ultimate color  
the black of the night  
the black of your eyes  
the blackness that keeps us together

if each emotion were a color  
that left on each its mark  
we'd be tattered  
blessed and battered  
and smiling in the dark.

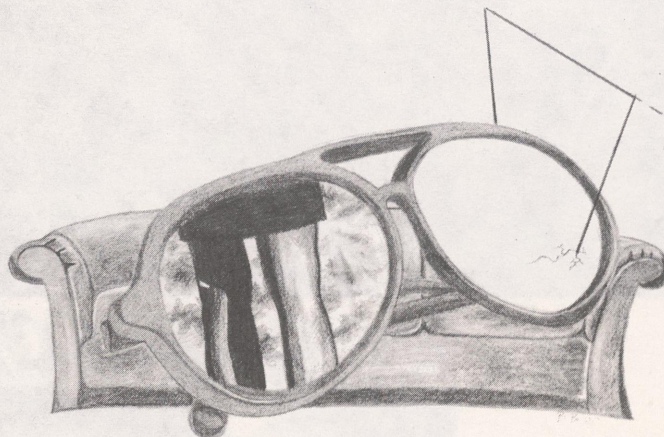
the blackness burns with color;  
black is the ultimate color  
the black of the night  
the black of your eyes  
the blackness that keeps us together.

## MIST Lihbin Shiao '87

Pausing slightly,  
I feel the mist of the early morning creeping up behind me  
It seems to laugh in my ear,  
But when I turn to glance around,  
Nothing is there.  
Breathing deeply, it is drawn in,  
And as I seek to keep it there,  
It escapes and laughing playfully,  
Runs across the hills  
Daring me to chase after it,  
Like a child in a playground.

Running through the autumn leaves crunching at my feet,  
It seems to have disappeared,  
And when at last I have given in,  
It reappears laughingly,  
Wanting to renew the chase yet again.

My tired eyes raise  
As I sense its presence  
And smile, as once again,  
It dashes away in hope  
That I will renew the chase soon yet again.



Berry Bryan

## EMOTIONS Laura Francis '87

The green appears as if in wind, lingers a sunset  
then blows away with the last peak of colors  
on the horizon.  
The red rises as if in sunbeams and frantically  
dashes across the sky but collapses at  
midday.  
The blue arrives as if in clouds but unhappily  
remains a constant as the sun continues  
to rise and set each day.





Lyn Robinson



Julie Cantrell



# Exercises From Spring Creative Writing Classes

## CONFLICT THROUGH ACTION

Beth Blaufuss '88

I walked without a sound to the door of my sister's room. I put my ear close to her door, all was quiet inside. I turned the knob, slowly pushed the door open, and winced as it creaked. I sneaked into the room, heading straight for the dresser. I pulled each drawer open and pushed it shut until I got to the third one. I removed her jewelry case and set it on top of the dresser. As I opened it, "Fur Elise" twinkled out of the box louder than a burglar alarm in the dead silence of my sister's room. I fumbled with the box, trying futilely to stop that song. Finally grabbing her necklace, I slammed the box shut, shoved it back into her drawer, and closed the drawer with my knee. I wheeled around to escape.

"What do you think you are doing in my room without my permission, may I ask?" said my sister, who stomped forward into the room. "That's my necklace!" she screamed as she darted forward and grabbed it from me. "I never said you could borrow it — how dare you waltz in here and take it?"

"Well, I was on my way downstairs to ask you if I could borrow..."

"Bull!" she interrupted.

"I was, honestly."

"You never ask me if you can borrow anything. You just take it."

"Well you come into my room and take my things, so why can't..."

"I do not. When have I taken something from your room?"

"Last month you took my pink sweater without asking."

"I did too ask! You know I asked. You just don't want to admit what a thief you are."

"I am not a thief!"

"You are so!"

"Am not!"

"Are so!"

"Am not!"

"Are so!"

"AM NOT!"

"Ouch! Quit it! You are so!"

"You scratched me! You broke the skin!"

"Girls! Are you up there fighting again?"

I shot a glance at my sister who was pinned beneath me, and she shot the same concerned glance back at me. I helped her up and we quickly straightened the pillows on her bed.

"You promise you won't tell that I took your necklace?"

"You promise you won't say that I scratched you?"

"GIRLS!"

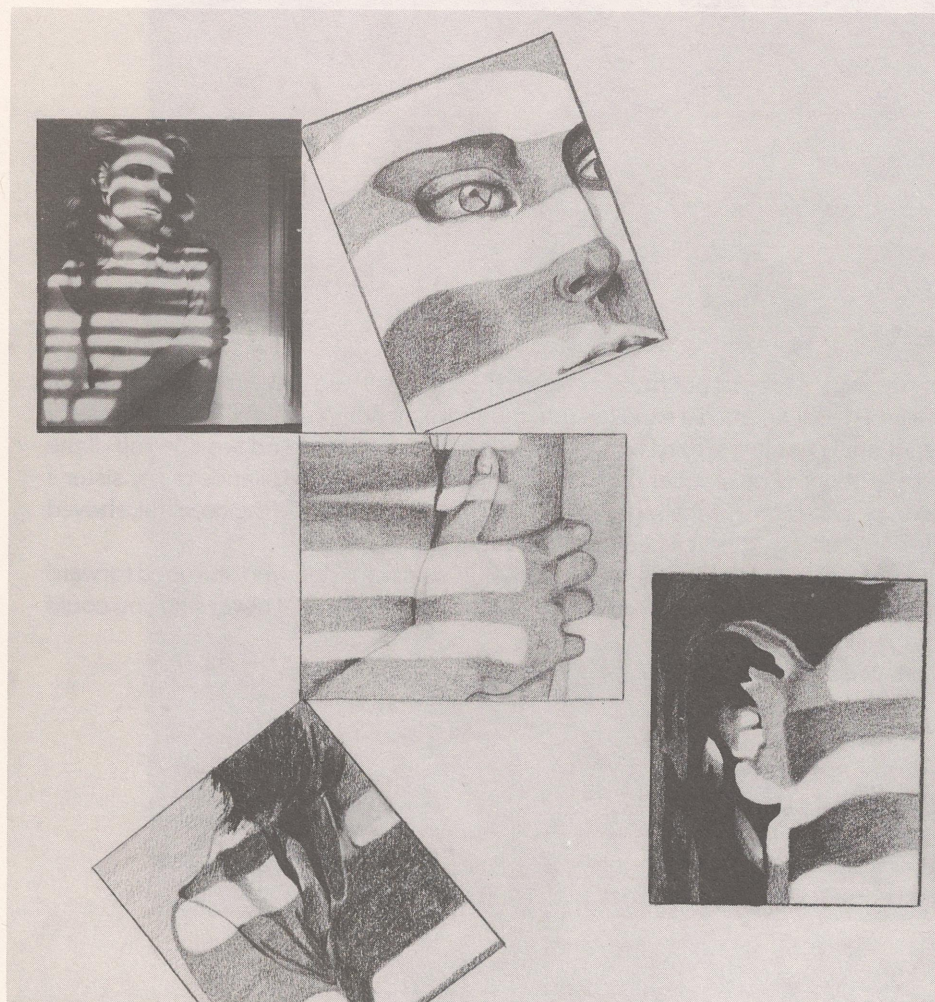
"Yes, mom? We were just ... um ... making Anne's bed."

"We'll go do Beth's now. Right sis?"

"Ah ... right."



"So what's the excuse?" she asked sharply.  
 "I had to go see her about dropping a class."  
 "About fifteen minutes. Exactly the amount of time that I am late."  
 "Did you bring a note with you?"  
 "No ma'am. She forgot to give me one. I can go back if you would like."  
 "No! You are late enough already. Where are your books for this class?"  
 "Oh, that is what I came to tell you. This is the class that I dropped!"



Berry Bryan

# DESCRIPTION OF AN ACTION

Beth Blaufuss '88

It is a common gesture, almost a reflex with some girls. It takes approximately 3 seconds for the idea to enter the brain, the impulse to reach the hand, the hand to lift, and the motion to be completed and forgotten. There are a variety of ways in which the action can be accomplished, depending on individual personalities and hairstyles, and the particular flair with which the act is accomplished can be as unique as the person doing it.

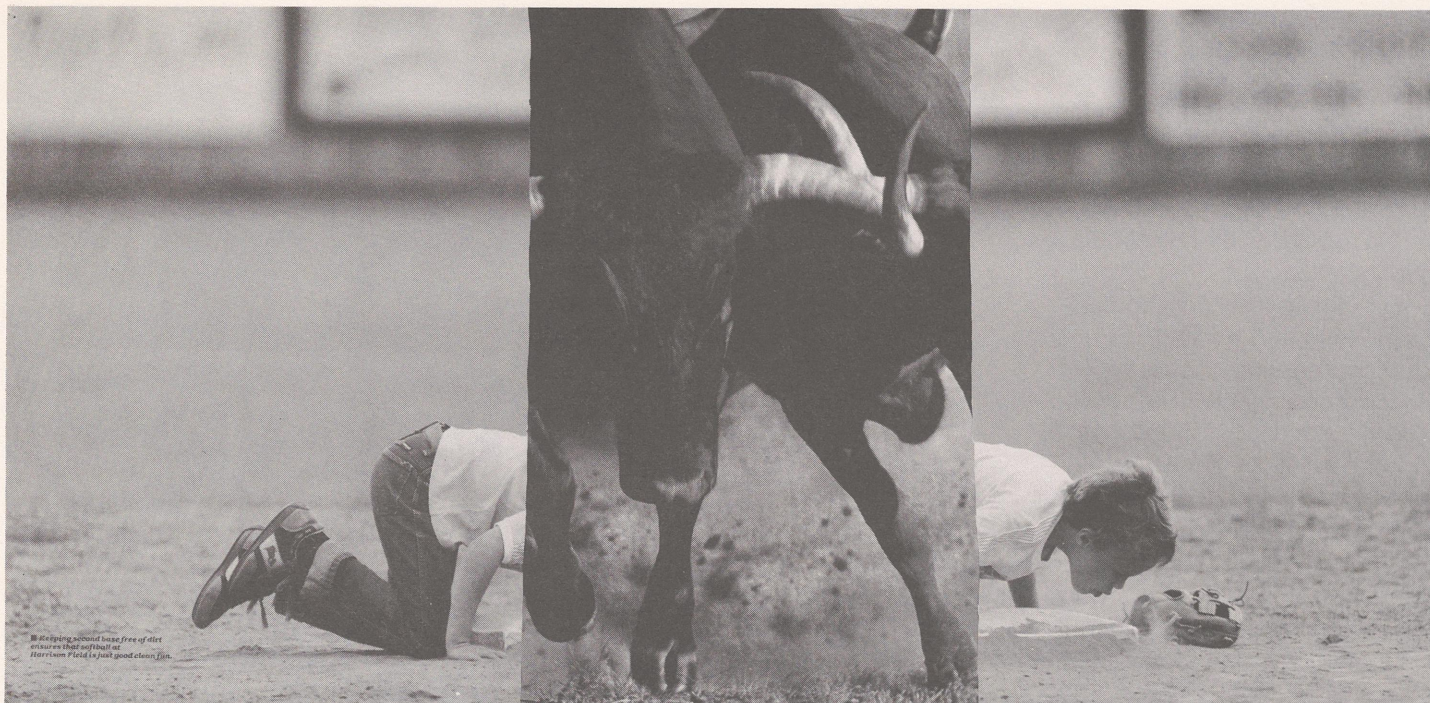
I speak of the peculiar habit of teenage girls which involves playing with locks of one's hair. Rooted in self-consciousness, the action can take a number of forms. Some toss back bangs, others tuck locks of hair behind their ears. Some adolescent females merely run their fingers through the strands of hair, working the locks back and letting them fall forward in a never-ending cycle of push-fall, push-fall.

Playing with one's hair is much more than a cosmetic corrective measure; it mirrors through motion what subconscious thoughts dare not vocalize. Tense fingers pull on the hair of an anxious or frustrated head; soft hands coyly caress the locks of shyness. Energetically another girl messes up and teases her hair, unafraid of looking disheveled. The bravely flirtatious merely flip their head from side to side, allowing hair to fall where it will over an eye or across a shoulder. For every mood and each state of mind, there is a way of playing with her hair which subtly yet surely betrays the thought of a teenage girl.

Lyn Robinson '88

swift  
 swallow  
 sanctuary  
 and into the frenzy  
 fly i  
 within moving mass  
 patterns  
 of confusion  
 surround encase  
 trapped in flutter  
 freeze  
 on the up  
 spiraling  
 down  
 all in





Kristin Dietrich

# DESCRIPTION OF A LANDSCAPE

Beth Blaufuss '88

We crossed a bridge over the gorge which divided the excavations from the modern town. We walked down an access road which approached the sea and then curved, so that if one faced inland and looked over the gorge, one could see the yellowish-grey walls of the ancient structures blend into the similar-colored walls of the modern houses. Both sets of buildings looked decrepit and old as they clambered up the gentle slope from the sea. The faded red tile roofs of the ancient houses topped washed-out, undecorated brick walls, and windows and doors cut dark holes in the walls. The modern buildings behind the old town looked cubic and unorganized, but just as uninhabited. Here and there in both towns one could catch a glimpse of a cobblestone snake winding among the buildings, but no one save ourselves tread upon those stones. The ancient town had once been a resort, full of men lazily conversing and children playing, but all life was gone now from the gardens and empty villas in front us. If one thought hard enough, one could see men and women in togas floating through the streets and in the courtyards, but their vision faded silently, swiftly, softly. A breeze rolled in from the sea behind us and moved forward, rustling the palm trees which were the only life left on the slope before us.

# Laura Matter '87

He was sitting in the corner when I saw him, a mass of black hair upon a delicate frame. He was intently watching the people, just as I was intently watching him. I slowly approached him, and he smiled. It was always a polite smile, full of sincerity. I asked him how he was. The ivory contour of his face was framed by the delicate, black tousled hair. He said he was fine. I asked him how his cats were. His slender legs lay crossed, shaped with black corduroy. He said that they were well and that one was about to give birth. I told him to take care. He smiled his polite smile, full of sincerity. I slowly walked away and sat down among some people. I sat there watching them intently.





Beth Blaufuss '88

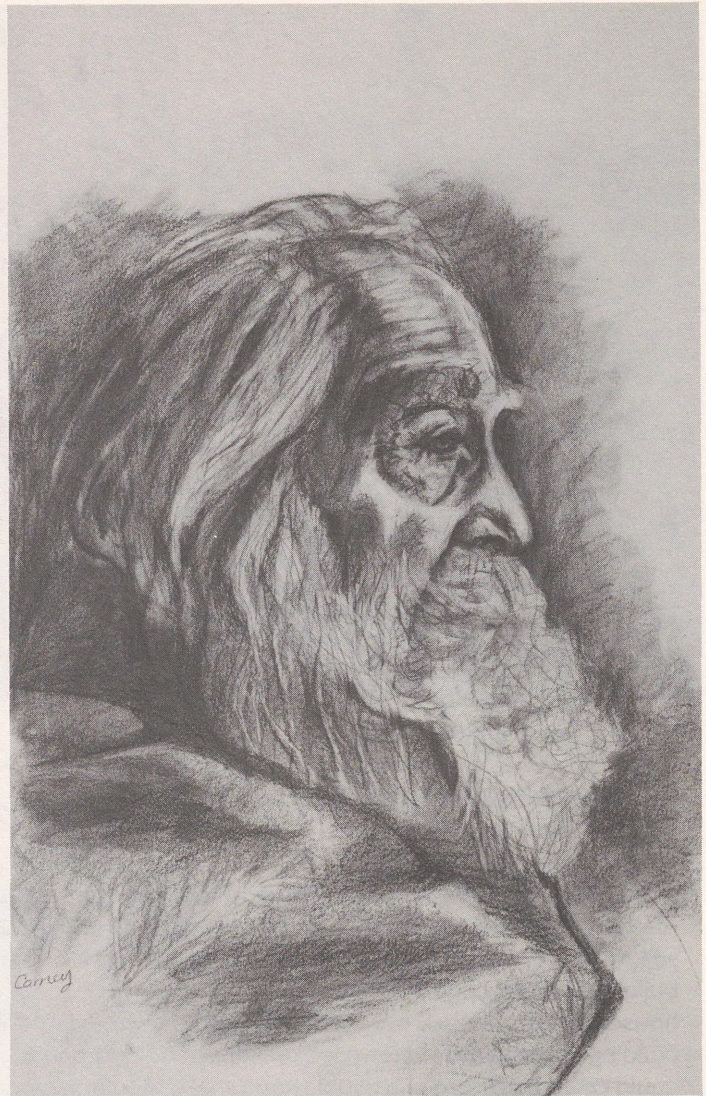
These two poems are companion pieces; one describes an object from an outside point of view, and the other describes the same things from the point of view of the object itself.

#### WINDOWS ON THE WORLD

Smart tortoise-shell rims border  
Small windows,  
Lint-specked, fingerprint-smudged,  
Battered and scratched windows  
Abused with endless on-off, on-off,  
Continual lost and found.  
Windows to clarify, magnify, intensify, and explicate  
Lines, forms, figures, words  
To faulty eyes;  
Windows which, when the sun is too bright  
Only mirror the world, letting it  
Bounce off without penetrating  
To squinting, slightly blind eyes.

#### TORTOISE-SHELL RIMMED GLASSES —A NEW PERSPECTIVE

Battered we are,  
And tired of her negligence.  
We exist only to help her,  
To clarify the world to her faulty vision,  
Yet she rejects our aid.  
Intentionally she forgets us  
At times when our help could be vital.  
She is not malicious—only near-sighted.



Catherine Carney

#### DESCRIPTION OF A PERSON'S MOOD THROUGH ACTION (exercise) Beth Blaufuss '88

She came whirling out of the revolving door as other men and women whirled out around her. She set off at a fast clip down the street, clutching her purse as she dodged here and there, avoiding collisions with other power suits. She walked two blocks before she took off her blazer at a red light. As she walked down the next block she rolled up her sleeves and ran her fingers through her hair. She walked past a pretzel vendor, but the smell tugged at her, her steps slowed, and she looked back at the red and white stripes and the golden twists of dough. She returned to the vendor. "One, please." "Here y'are, ma'am." "Thanks a lot. Have a good day." "And you do the same, sweetheart." "I think I will."

She ambled along now, pulling off pieces of the pretzel and popping them in her mouth. She looked in the store windows and every so often she would linger at the window of a jewelry store or a pet shop. She finished off the pretzel, and, licking her finger, she picked up all the square grains of salt left on the wax paper and rolled them onto her tongue. She smushed up the wax paper, rolled it into a ball, and tossed it behind her back and into a trash can. She laughed and headed for a nearby park bench. Tossing her purse and blazer beside her, she stretched out her legs, clasped her hands behind her neck, and sighed. "I think I will, sweetheart," she said to the pigeon at her feet. "I think I just will."



Polina Russell 87

inferiorly arises from a  
achievable belief in the  
which, and why? Whose  
what's ahead? Are we all  
of hope  
someone super or then

hanging on

would make

start with how

to be late

A DAY IN THE EYES OF

Paige Ferragamo

I have to get up, I have to

Get dressed for breakfast?

See Jane run, Run, Jane, run

Records is in five minutes that

hap-scratch -- fast-food-yid

draw the lines

down together head and

grilled another

hang-ups

Chicago interview

"I quit I'm in"

The People

Super-guy, Sally Pate

congress it's about

Wonder Woman's head is a

green Leg or a daisy

washed cotton necktie



Leanne Little



Julie Walker





Heather Hollyday

Olivia Daane '88

Sweet but frightening is this world  
Upside down and confused  
We walk on our sides  
lost in numbers,  
lost in feelings,  
never understood.

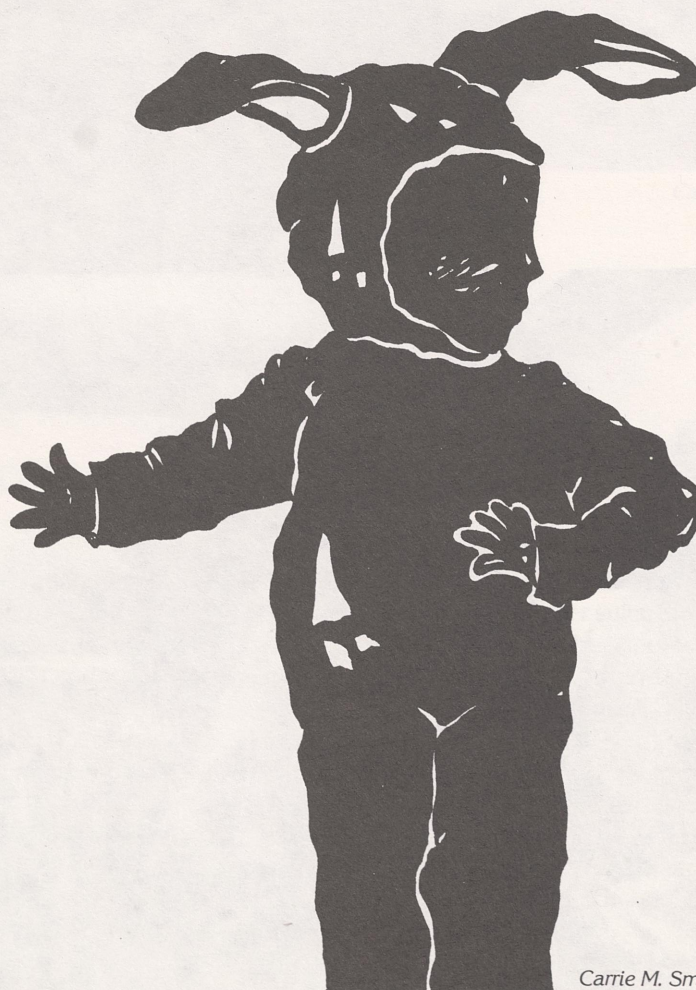
Leah Altemier '87

A dirty fingerprint  
On white ruffly lace  
encircling a fuzzy light  
illuminating a decorous room  
in a quaint little house  
which belongs to that man  
sitting over there  
on that park bench  
watching me  
looking at his fingerprint smudge  
on that pretty white lampshade.

## THE SUN

Lynne Anne Hampton '88

A soft cry was heard  
As the gears and levers began to  
Twist and turn—  
Lowering the boxes in the ground.  
High above the sun sent  
Radiant heat to the onlookers below.  
Soon sweat became mixed with tears.  
One knew not where one started or  
The other stopped.  
But two had made the connection,  
And knew quite well.  
At this moment, the sky broke open  
And large raindrops fell  
And were consumed by  
The rich soil of the earth.  
Yet the brightness of the sun  
Caused eyes to squint as they looked  
For the source of the rain.  
The sound of dirt hitting the hard surface  
Mixed with the sound of raindrops falling.  
Yet the sun shone brightly on,  
And continued to do so.



Carrie M. Smith



Inferiority arises from feelings of guilt, feelings of pity, feelings of feeling no feeling. Superiority arises from belief in the achievable, belief in the body, belief that one can believe his beliefs. So here we are — the inferior, the superior, but who is which, and why? Whose feelings are believable: or, for that matter, whose beliefs provoke a feeling? Is it all relative? If so, what's ahead? Are we all equal? Then why do some lead and some follow? ... such the inferior, following the superior, somehow superior themselves for being inferior and believing in feelings of inferiority and superiority.

### A DAY IN THE EYES OF A CHILD

Paige Ferragina '89

I have to get up, but,

"Oatmeal for breakfast?!"

"See Jane run. Run, Jane, ru-"

Recess is in five minutes

hop-sotch — "you're cheating" — I'll

draw the lines

down by the banks of the hanky-

jump-rope

Chinese freeze-tag

"I quit if I'm it"

The Muppets are on!

Super-glow Silly Putty

ooogross it's stuck to the wall

Wonder Woman's boot is lost

green beans for dinner

mashed potato motorcycle

Race cars, Suntan Barbie

Halloween's in Two More DAYS!

bubble gum — save your wrappers

(time for bed)

Bert and Ernie Storybook one more!

one more! Please do the Grover one...

a hug from

Paddington Bear

brush with Electric Snoopy

toothbrush

a kiss on the cheek

a prayer

another kiss

tickling and giggling

closing the door

"don't shut it all the way"

silence



Grace Russell



Kristin Dietrich



Every morning Sam took the subway from Newton to Boston where he worked as senior copywriter at Harris, Handman, and Sardune Advertising Incorporated. And every morning Barbara dropped him at the station.

"Thanks dear." Sam said.

"Have a nice day." With an alert nod, he closed the door and walked briskly toward the subway.

"Hmm ba da ba da." The sound of the rattling subway filled Sam's head.

At twenty-six, Sam was set.

The smell of coffee was suspended in the dank air of the subway.

"Black, Frank." The man leaned behind the counter, wearily, as if he were part of a never-ending ritual.

"Got a hard day Sam?"

"Yah, always love a challenge though. Whew! A little strong today."

"Our other percolator's down."

"Got a paper?"

"Yup." Sam took the newspaper from Frank, as he always did, and walked to the tracks. The platform began to fill up with daily commuters. The subway flashed by, displaying the messages of the nighttime artists. Sam flicked open the paper, GTE up an eighth, and AT&T down a fourth. His broker had proposed little change this week.

The coffee stung his mouth, and Sam blew on the liquid as his eyes searched the hoards of passengers. He had just spotted an exasperated girl when — BLACK. The tunnel had become enveloped in a darker, denser light than ten times the color of Sam's morning stimulant.

"Well, what can you do? They'll get it fixed; as long as I'm at the office by nine." thought Sam.

"Ow! Oh, I'm sorry, excuse me." The apologetic words of a woman filled Sam's ears. She groped for the bench, almost spilling the precariously placed styrofoam cup. "Great. I don't know if this is the right station or what stop I should get off at, and now the subways aren't even running." The lady heaved a sigh, and, startled by the small glow of Sam's lighter, blinker her eyes.

Sam laughed off-handedly, "Not to worry, they'll be running in a minute."

"Thanks, but I'm late and possibly lost already, and a cab will be impossible to get in this weather."

"Excuse me, but, what weather?"

"The rain, and excuse me." The woman spoke annoyingly.

"The traffic must be terrible, poor Barb. Um, hello, I'm Sam, ha, sorry about the weather, it was beautiful when I came down."

"Well, it doesn't matter now. I'm stuck." Sam's lighter outlined her impersonal profile.

"The subways will start running soon. Where are you late to?" Sam asked carefully; he wanted to be friendly and had noticed a childish pout in the woman's face.

"Look, I didn't mean to start talking to you, and I didn't ask for your lighter fluid. It doesn't matter where I'm supposed to be; you wouldn't care; no one in this city cares." Sam was reminded of his slightly rebellious teenage years. He glanced at his illuminated watch. There was still plenty of time before the meeting.

"I'm sorry if you feel that way; I just thought I could give you some advice as to where you are." Sam looked hopefully at the woman. "Maybe we should start again. I'm Sam."

"Fine," the woman stated and then began with false enthusiasm. "Hi! I'm Susan, and I need to get to my dad's apartment. Does it matter?" Sam was beginning to get frustrated. He flicked off the lighter and slumped. The darkness of the silent subway tunnel seemed to envelope Sam's thoughts; he gazed off into what he thought to be the distance. He certainly could not be friendly enough to compensate for the entire city. He looked at his watch again and stared at the monotonous second hand. Unless the power came on soon, he would not make the meeting. The commuters were still, waiting expectantly for the subway to appear and send them on their way.

The woman muttered, "What is the problem?"

"Electric overload, they're working on it, I'm sure."

"Dad will be worried sick." The lights flashed on and Sam quickly saw a glimpse of the girl before she was drowned in blackness again. She slumped, seemingly defeated by the unfriendliness of Bostonians. Sam smiled paternally. Maybe she would realize his sincerity. Again, he glanced at his watch.

"Eight-fifteen, God! I'll never make it!"

"I was supposed to meet daddy at eight."

"Cab - I might take a cab."

"It's pouring. You'll never find one."

"Well, I can try." Sam sighed. "Would you like to join me? You are going to Boston, aren't you?"

"Where else would I go?" Sam shrugged. They walked out of the dreary subway station into the drenched air. They approached the corner and Sam flagged down a cab with his newspaper.

"Where to, Bud?" the driver asked gruffly.

"Uh, I'm not sure. Susan, where to?"



"187 Newberry Street, please." The cab rattled along the street. Surprisingly, their conversation flowed smoothly, and they laughed with ease. The rain slowed to a patter as Sam and Susan sunk comfortably in the cab.

"This okay, lady?"

"What? I guess this is fine. Certainly didn't seem to take long. Here, Sam, let me help pay." She gingerly waved some bills in the air.

"Of course not. Call me if you need anything, not all Bostonians are grouches. Here's my card." Susan stared respectfully at the prestigious ad firm's name.

"I will, thanks."

"Where to, Buddy?" the cabby asked impatiently.

"Commonwealth Avenue, the Harris, Handman, and Sardune Building." His eyes wistfully followed the woman running up the apartment steps. The cab increased speed and she was lost, obscured by the ugly cloud of exhaust.

He had slid into the meeting just as Mr. Harris guffawed for order. Now, at eleven-fifteen, Sam slouched in the red woven chair of his office. His fingers travelled to the phone. Two-five-three-four-four-two-six.

"Hello?"

"Hi."

"Sam?"

"Uumm."

"How was the meeting?"

"Um-umm."

"You're tired, dear."

"I love you."

"Ah. I love you, too. See you around six?"

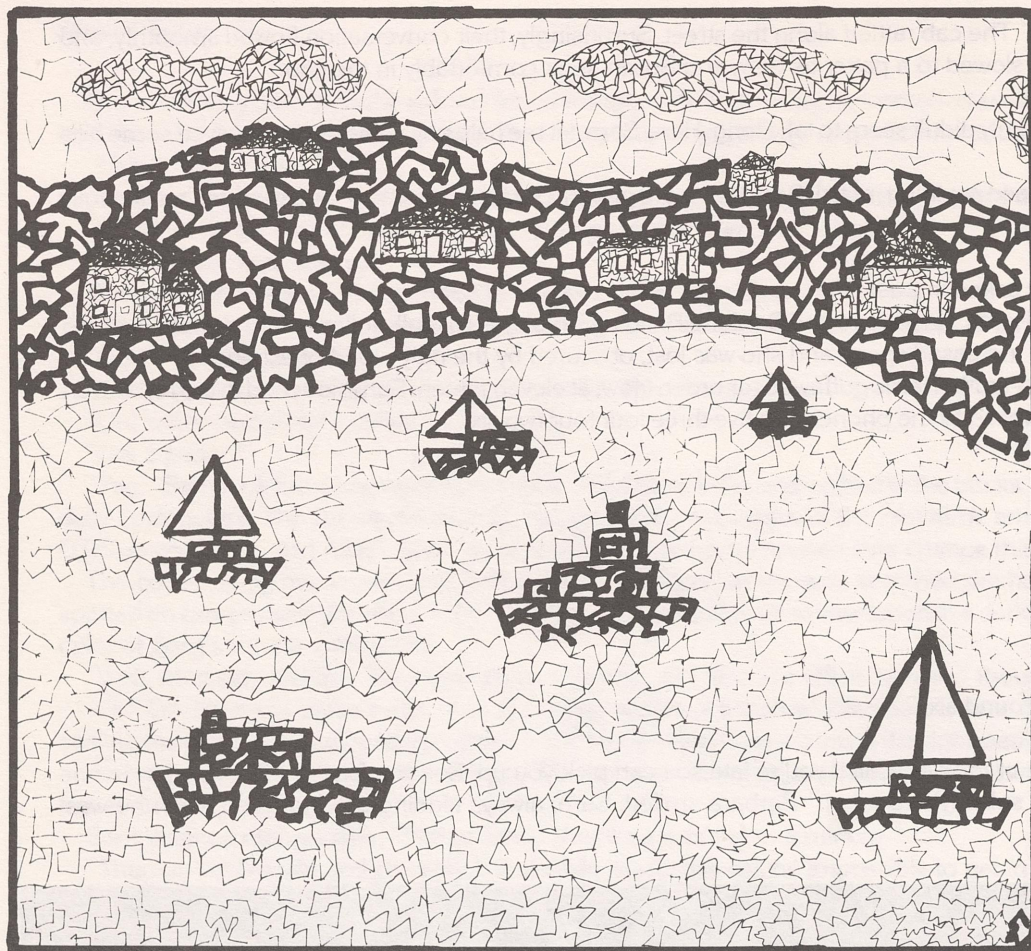
"I love you."

"At six, then. Have a lovely rest of the day. Call if you're late so I can pick you up. See you later."

Sam answered wearily, "If the subway's running." Barbara smiled, Sam, always kidding around, even when he was exhausted. She loved him, too.







Olivia Daane '88

WHEN the air gets TIGHT  
i PANIC in DEPRESSION  
WHEN the light gets LOOSE  
i SOAR on CLOUDS of no EXPRESSION

PASS GO TWICE, they call that unfair  
until THEY GET A CHANCE, but I DON'T CARE

Love goes through me  
BUT NEVER stays WITHIN  
I fall to the BOTTOM  
and then begin again

POSTURE is IMPORTANT  
in a land with many hills  
man is not a HERO  
if HE'S a MAN that KILLS

DON'T try to QUIET me  
I'll ONLY fight and SCREAM  
my happiest TIMES  
are WHEN I'm IN a DREAM

It's not that life's so BAD  
airtight or light—LOOSE

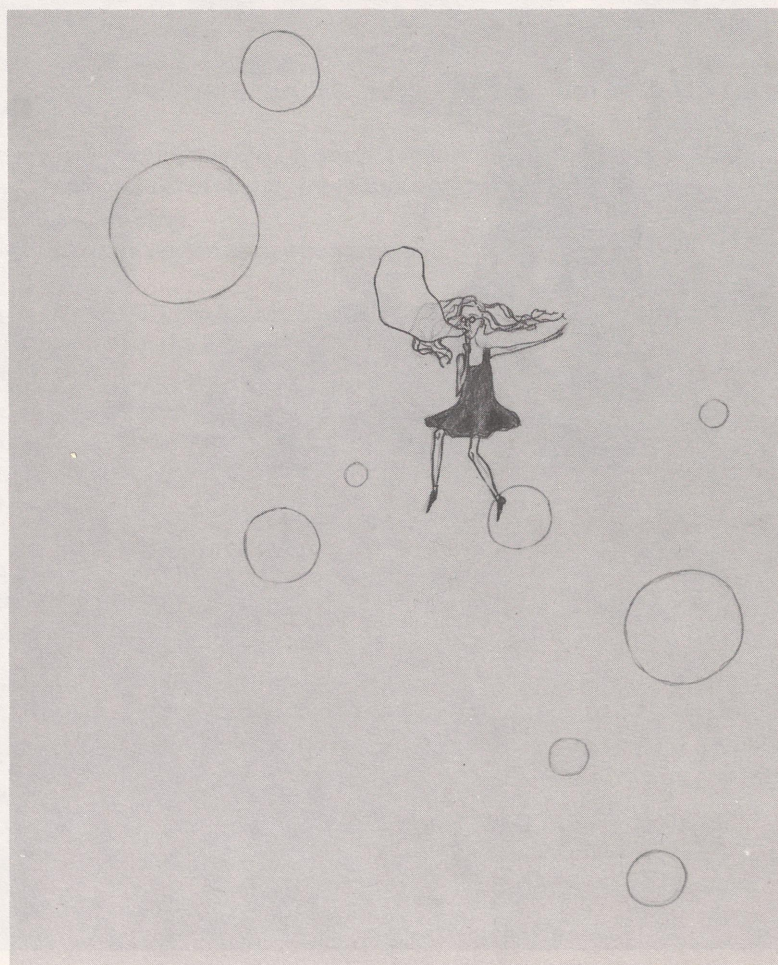
It's just that I'm LOST  
tryin' to GET to the CABOOSE

LINES  
Cappy Monk '88

LINES  
INESL  
NESLI  
ESLIN  
SLINE

Straight, long, thin;  
Maybe curving in?  
Stop! No don't!  
It comes back in time.  
Hold that look,  
And don't waste mine!  
Lines have their own way;  
They're in everything  
That has of is life.  
The way they move is  
Seen only by the eye.  
They help ease pain  
or inward strife.  
A line is emotional and  
Motivating; It just sits  
there, waiting.

Sarah Hardison







Virginia Brooks

# IMAGE

Laura Matter '87

Miss Jean Altamont sits at her desk  
Noting the shiny brown strands  
Sliding down her shoulder.

I shall not cut it for a while.

Miss Jean places her chin inside her palms  
Projecting from the elbows planted  
Upon the wooden surface.

Lines form smooth curves,  
Proportionately perfect.

I wonder what he is doing now.

Miss Jean moves her backside further back  
Making a distinct angle with the seat  
And its extended bars.

Black and white ooze in  
And other shades of color contrast.  
He must be the most beautiful thing  
I have ever seen.

Miss Jean shifts her gaze  
Onto Katy's pencil case,  
The gleaming green plastic.

Lines control the color reality,  
Tinting the image with desire.

Miss Jean releases her arms from the desk top.  
I must stop.

# VICARIOUS PLEASURE

Jessica Gutow '89

I date, shall we say, vicariously,  
And, no doubt, I would rather verbatim.  
I piece together other's romances  
Creating fantasies without any  
real slow dances.

I date, nonetheless, vicariously,  
Though it is only a phase.  
The boys whom I know will  
Realize it's so, and come in hordes...  
someday

And still I date rather vicariously,  
With the commitment of a class  
ring in mind.  
And watch the others as they  
Meet their boyfriends of a  
Realistic kind.



Eleanor Fuqua

# PREMIERE

Laura Francis '87

She dances.  
The cold air refreshes her wet perspiration.  
Gliding on fiery wings,  
Life's music guides her.  
The twirling leotard glistens,  
And a single rose, also pink, floats through the air  
And lands.  
The final jump interlocks her with the rose.  
She springs forth from the petals,  
Budding, never wilting.  
She grasps the free air and grows,  
Blowing in the breeze.

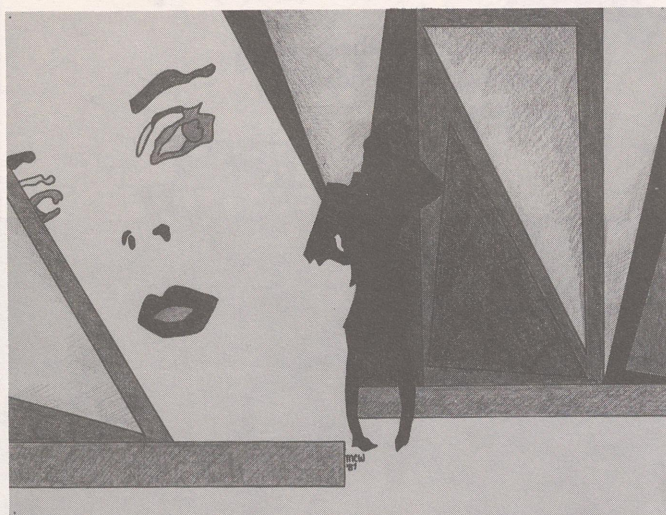


SAILING AS ONE  
Stephanie Sheffield '89

Gliding on top of a smooth, true, blue water  
Thrusting through the grand waves  
Winds blowing from behind  
Peaceful sounds calling  
A silent voice in the air  
A sea gull soaring gracefully in the air  
Fish flopping up and out of the water  
As the feeling of freedom envelopes  
Roaming aimlessly  
Nowhere  
A quick turn about  
Leaning to one side, one being, one universe  
While sailing towards the dimming sunset.



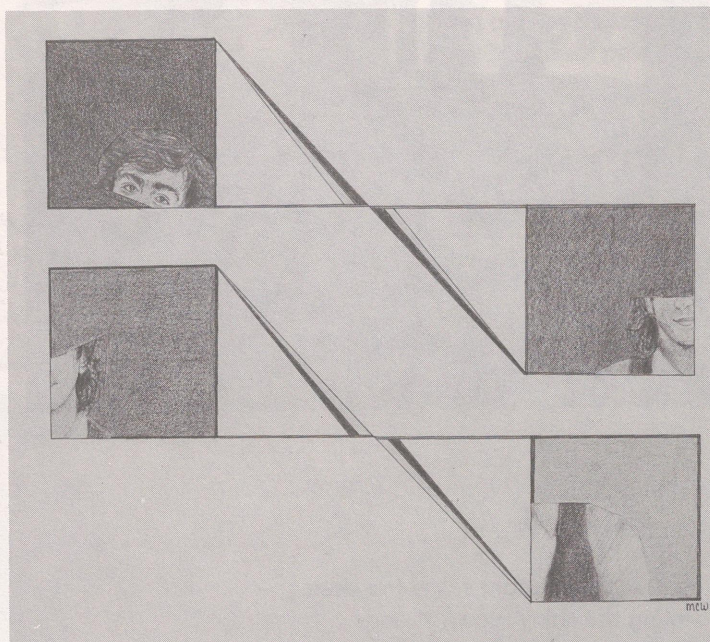
Mimi Baker



Missy Williams

DREAMS  
Lihbin Shiao '87

White castles  
Always have white knights  
With golden damsels  
And black dragons  
With conquered foes  
In drafty dungeons  
And unicorns with golden horns  
To lay in soft maiden's laps  
And peacefully sleep, content.  
But reality is not that black and white.  
It's full of grays of different shades  
Still with none of that before,  
But a disturbing world,  
Full of ponders and wishful hours  
To fill the long, rainy, downcast days;  
Full of joys and love as well,  
But not so crystal clear and simple  
As presented in story books  
Of those perhaps days passed by.



Missy Williams

SEPARATE  
Regina Dawn Allen '87

I from (he) recall moving wind over and  
between slender green arms stretched in a  
vast  
grey sky

That same wind mingles with (his) breath and  
travels—silently—brushing mountains and  
pushing waters until  
—shuddering—  
It pushes memories forward heavy  
greying arms of a windmill turning and  
stretched in a  
vast  
blue sky

I from (he) unknowingly assume  
(his) gentle turning breeze.

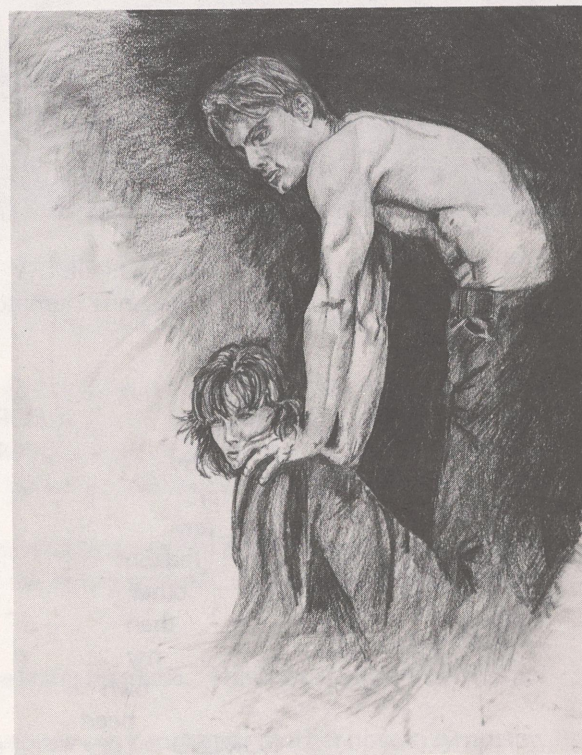




Catherine  
Carney



Carrie M. Smith



Kristin Dietrich



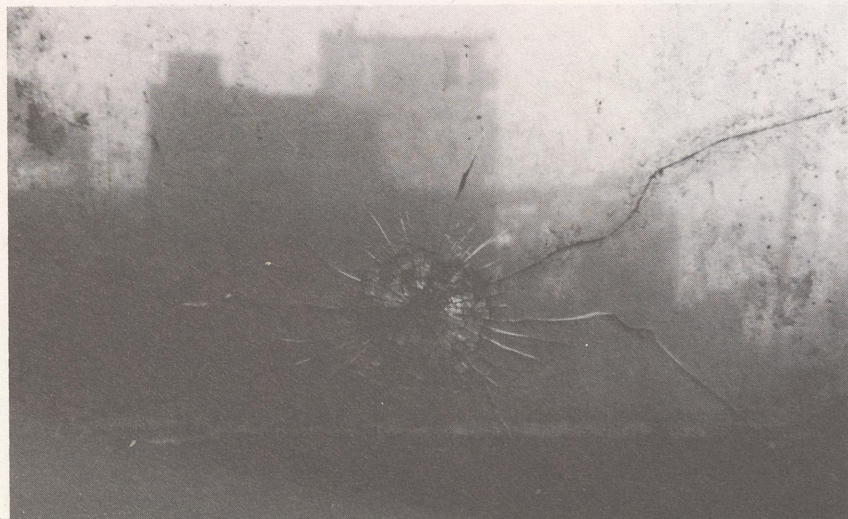


Regina Dawn Allen

FORCED POETRY  
Lynne Anne Hampton '88

I  
hate  
writing  
poetry  
for  
any  
reason  
other  
than  
my  
own  
need  
to  
do  
so

FORCED  
POETRY



Susie Graber

FROSTBITE  
Laura Francis '87

I am chilled.  
You have picked away  
My center  
And stone remains.

Your face, void of emotion,  
I search for some reaction—  
a shift of the eye,  
A flare of the nose,  
A quiver of the lip—  
No response.

I remain trapped in stone.  
I struggle to grasp your hand,  
But I cannot move,  
And you stand in a mental  
Chill of early frost.

Motionless, we both stare.  
Suddenly I step and slip on the  
Pieces of my chiseled heart.  
Your smile of victory can further  
Chill my remnants of stone.

Leah Altemier '87

Do you see the flowers, children?  
Do you see their petals  
Moist and soft?  
Look, look and be content  
Always look as long as you  
never, never touch

Do you want to touch the flowers, children?  
Do you long to feel the velvet rays  
Arching deeply from their stems?  
You are tempted to enjoy the  
beauty to its fullest, are you not?

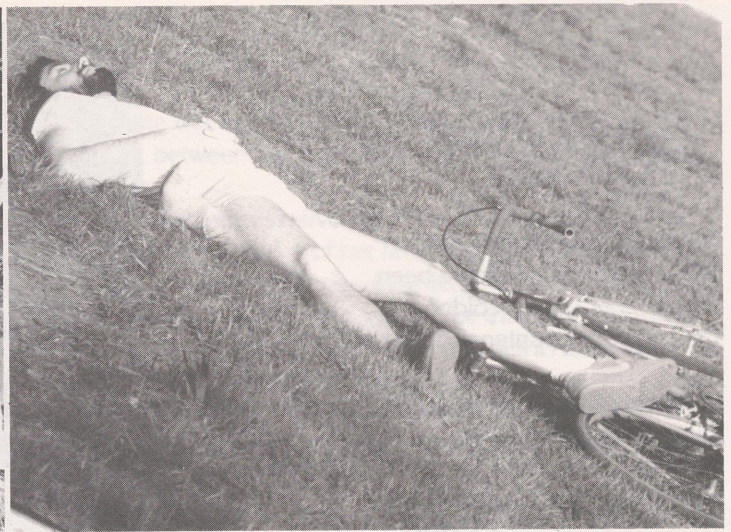
The red rose turns crimson  
Its petals become silk  
See the pretty bee  
Land delicately aloft your icon?

Watch my children,  
The object of your desires  
Shattered beneath one touch.





Betsy Nichols



Lyn Robinson

LIVE

Regina Dawn Allen '87

There is the nauseating putrid odor of petrol, so typical now, and rather depressing; the air is damp and mildly still. My hands are pushed hard into my pockets as I walk down the stone sidewalk, ignoring the gibberish that I cannot understand. I do not look ahead but rather at the walkway below me which is dark and wet. Sighing, I remember how much I hate sightseeing, and, at that precise instant, I step on a screaming stick and a violent man begins cursing me in Italian. Only, it is a dog's tail, not a stick, and the man is actually a woman, old with a dark moustache that bristles over every profanity bellowed.

I do not understand her, so I redden and walk faster. My companion giggles, obnoxiously, I think. She swings her arms faster than her pace, and it makes me dizzy and irritated to watch. We are walking in time - our feet are synchronized - so I widen my pace because the precision bothers me. Finally we arrive at the bus stop. The third bus is ours; therefore it is crushed with many kinds of people and smells horrible. The ride is short, but not short enough to prevent the male perverts from engaging in their favorite pasttime of pinching the Khybar pass.

"This is the stop," Elaine shouts. Violently we heave ourselves through the middle doors and are once again slapped by the carbon monoxide. The dirty box of old men rumbles passed us down the street; we walk, unsynchronized, toward the museum entrance.

"You'll like this one, I promise." Elaine smiles seriously.

I roll my eyes and push my hands further into my pockets until I feel the lining rip a little. "That's what you always tell me! My feet hurt, and I'm tired of seeing these things!"

I can feel her watching me; I knew without even looking that her right eyebrow was bending toward her nose in sympathy. I ask her lightly, "I've been cultured enough today. Can we go back after this one? Okay?" I drag my feet a little and try to appear pathetic.

She does not reply, but holds the door, and I enter. We follow the signs, and I detect her apprehension in her busy eyes as we near the room. We pass through the doorway, and I am immediately surprised by the sacred silence in the chapel. Then I notice that every person's head is tilted backward.

Curiously, I look above me, I seize orange, pink, and gold in a frenzy of three hundred figures breathing and clinging to the ancient plaster. I think my mouth is ajar, but I can speak nothing. My focus rides the curve of each shape, and I enter the painting charging through every brilliant scene from Genesis: sin to creation, reverse to a new beginning. Absorbed in this creation, I race toward the altar, each scene becomes simpler and more powerful until I find myself cowering at the toes of a pensive Jonah, the monumental predecessor of Jesus Christ himself. The intensity of his flesh and robes floods my brain, and a perfectly modeled hand comes toward me. He is going to touch me! I feel him touching my shoulder!

"Hey! Isn't this wonderful!" Elaine exclaims.

I blink three times consecutively. She stands close to me, her hand resting on my shoulder as she holds a pamphlet for me to read.

"He did it in four years you know," she continues. "It's amazing ... don't you agree?" she asks.

I do not reply because I do not hear the question. Bodies are emerging from the soil around my feet and souls howl in agony. I look around me at the saints; one holds a shriveled skin over the edge of his cloud. It writhes in dread and relieves itself in stone and paint. A storm clashes within the thousands and amidst this fearful graveyard scene is Christ, a powerful bright figure. And I am suddenly reassured that the skin will not fall to the fire, and that Michelangelo is now painting the throne of God.



IT IS SPRING AGAIN  
Laura Matter '87

I once created darkness  
Where color should have been.  
Shadows of Winter coldness  
Caused your countenance to dim.

Imagination plays tricks on an adolescent mind;  
Myopy thrives on desire.  
You have always retained your celestial garb.  
My eyes wouldn't reach that far.

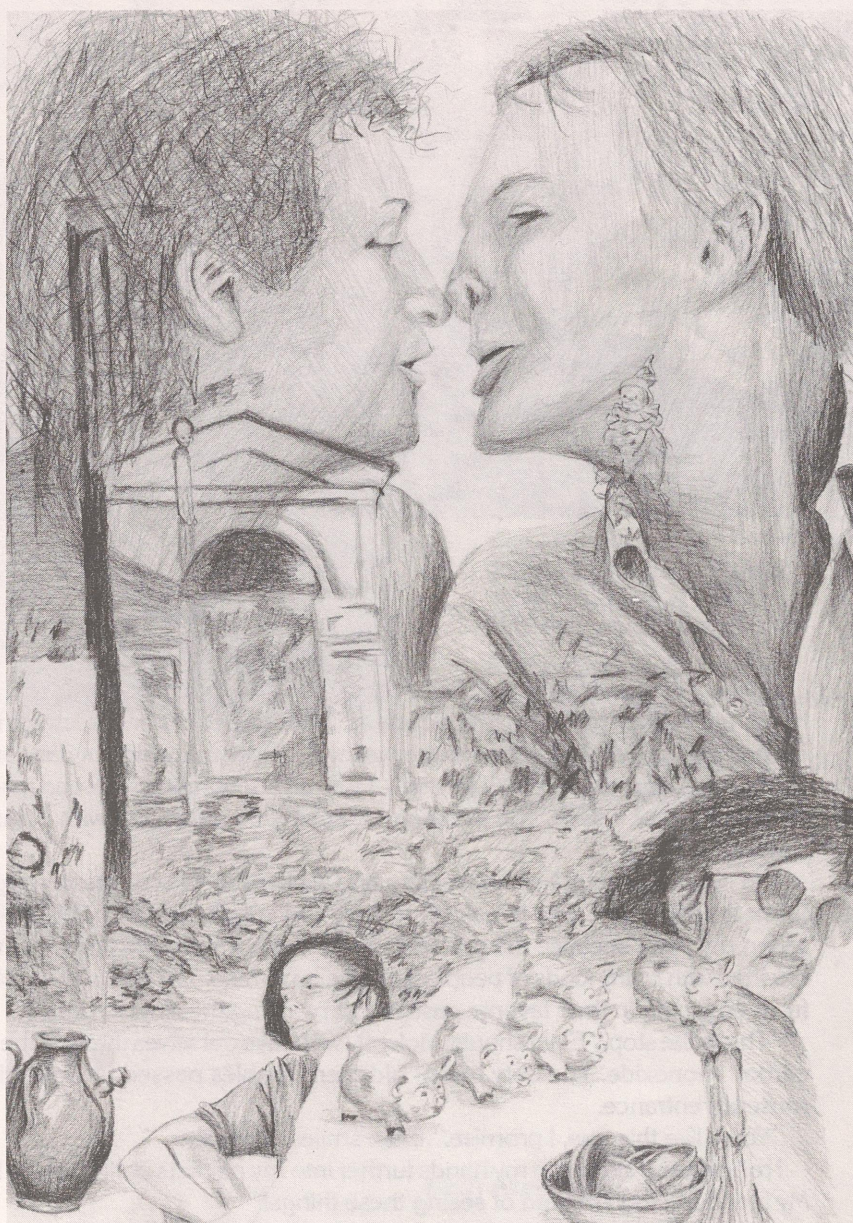
It is Spring again,  
And I see otherwise.

I have since conversed with men of tin and straw  
And traveled so far today.  
The Shadows have sounded their last forever  
And journeyed on their way.

And as the hours do fade  
The hour still exists  
In which your face is lovely.  
There was beauty in those mists.

It is Spring again.

And the grove and the stream return.  
But they were never gone.



Lyn Robinson

Melanie Russell '87

She sits alone, staring at nothing, yet seeing everything. All but what is. The bench, strong and hard beneath her, rejects her like all else, yet persistently she remains seated — rebellious, in a sense. Yet no one sees the resistance, not even herself, an unknown rebel. As she looks at something, focusing on nothing, her thoughts return to him. How strange to have been so close for so little time — stolen moments, they are called — to have known so much and yet not enough. Obviously not enough because he left. She remembers — the confusion of not knowing a problem exists, but being asked bluntly to address it — the frustration of explanation of feelings unattainably inexplicable — the frenzy of a panic arising from unknown sources toward unknown phantoms — the anger of frenzied confusion resulting in more frustration. He left. She doesn't know why, but she knows why he couldn't have stayed. Or should know. Or should be able to know. But doesn't. She thinks of a time ahead when he will be forgotten, or renewed, or something — anything except just not there. All will be better — it couldn't get worse, unless this endured forever. Yes — time would wash over the feelings, the hurt, leaving callouses but at least not tender blisters — bubbling hot, stiflingly painful. She would one day be able to reject the emotions, reject, reject like the hard wood beneath her. She could think of the past without fear, dream of the future with hope.

"Would you hurry? How can you just sit there and mope?" What if we're late?"

"What? Oh, right, whatever."

Shrug. Sigh. The past no longer exists. Likewise with the future. Only the present, and it doesn't fit into her dreams or her plans.



# SECOND PERIOD ENGLISH CLASS

Regina Dawn Allen '87

Her heart palpitates—frenzied—and a dampness, though not quite wet enough to be obvious, seeps through her blouse as a stray drop of sweat tumbles, furiously, down her forehead, between her eyes, and slams into the rim of her glasses, where, being relieved, it yawns and stretches over the cool glass.

She barely whispers through her clenched teeth "Not me!" as her outer jaw pulses nervously. She avoids that gaze—that scrutinizing gaze that ignites her blood, causing it to surge to the front-most capillaries of her face, humiliating her with its red, red glow. "Please not me!" her brain whispers. She risks a glance—a very quick glance—in which she discovers to her most dreadful horror that he is watching her with sick amusement. An evil, perverted grin, not unlike that of a madman, crawls across his face, and his blue eyes seem to narrow with amusement as he asks her slowly, "What does it ALL mean?"

The pressure in her brain increases and the damp heat rising from her flushed cheeks clings to her glasses so that she cannot quite see through the foggy condensation. She cannot speak! Then, from outside the heated room, a familiar savior, though not always a reliable one, screams from the wall. She sighs and relaxes her nerves, and slowly, her heart quiets its loud, obnoxious clanging.



Anne Hightower

## TO WALLACE STEVENS

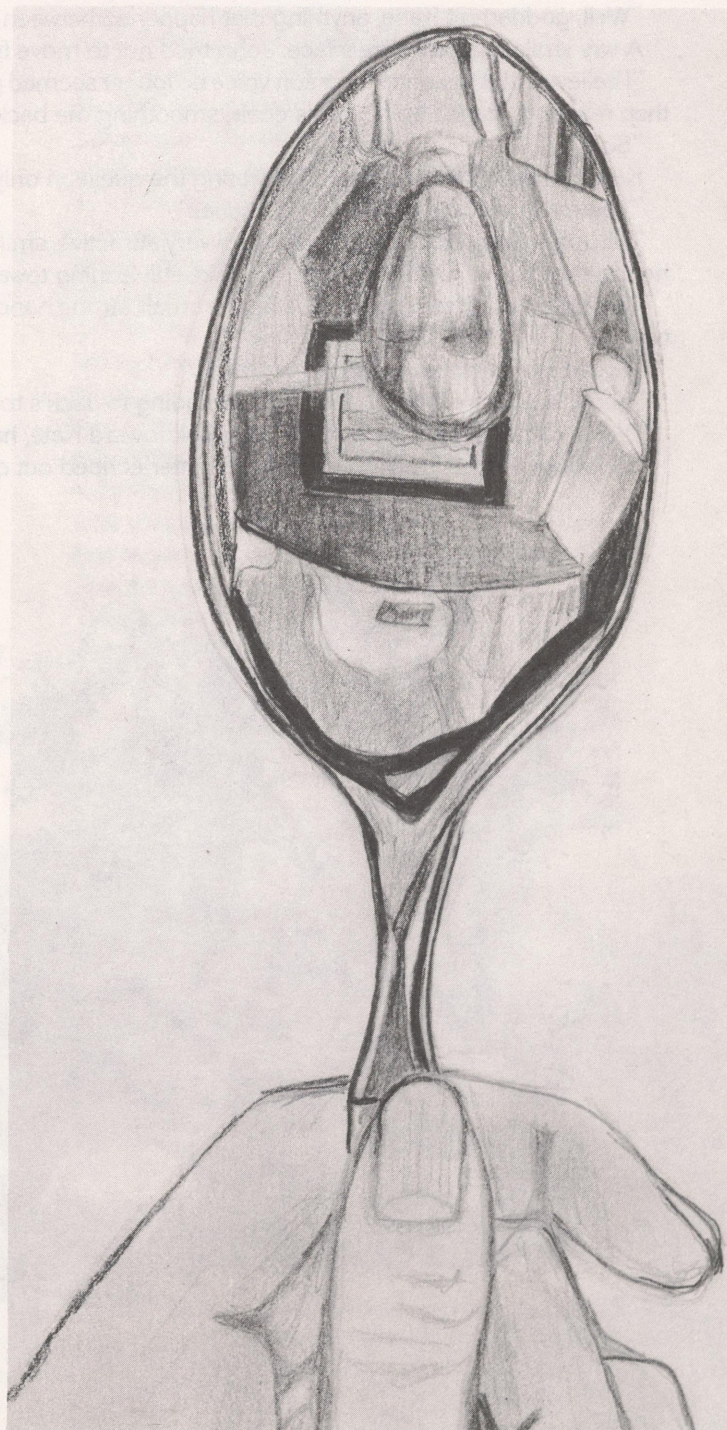
Melanie Russell '87

sweet Valentines  
and porcupines  
and cynical believers like me

ice cream cones  
and brittle bones  
and demitasse buckets of tea

the hills  
the waves  
the hearts  
the slaves  
all damned to live together

the books  
the wails  
the songs  
the tales  
all doom us to forever.



Elizabeth Berry



"I hate sitting alone," Kate said to herself, suddenly feeling very self-conscious. She crossed her legs, and with elbows on the table lifted her coffee cup in front of her chin, attempting to look casual as her glance swung from person to person. An average-looking young man approached her slightly apprehensively. When she saw him, Kate straightened quickly and hardened her jaw.

"Hi, Katie."

"Hello, John."

He took the seat across from her trying desperately not to look in her eyes. Kate sipped her coffee, now tasting cold and bitter, so she pushed it away from her, and stared indifferently at the dying roses spilling red petals on the snowy tablecloth. John cleared his throat to speak, "You look ... older."

Silence.

"Your hair is different."

"Yes, right, my hair is different," Kate's sardonic tone surprised him.

"No, I mean — well, there's something else too. You're just different."

"I'm happy."

"Well, goddamnit Katie, anything that happened between us you brought on yourself."

A wry smile crossed Kate's face. John tried not to move from under her stare.

"I believed that too once," her soft voice no longer seemed powerless. Puzzled, John nervously rearranged the silverware, then realizing, leaned back on his chair, smoothing the back of his thin blonde hair.

"So?"

Kate looked at him musingly, answering the question only to herself.

"You really *do* hate me, don't you Katie?"

"Hi, John. Sorry I took so long, Kate," a very attractive, smiling man said, sitting down very close next to her, then kissing her on the cheek. "Don't be mad," he said, still leaning toward her, his very large brown eyes beaming into hers.

"I'm not mad," Kate smiled, closing her small, strong hand around his. Life seemed to dance a glowing ring around the two.

"I gotta go" John swiftly stood to leave.

"Yeah, bye John. Hey - Djarm and I are going to Jack's tomorrow night."

"Yeah, okay." John cast an uncertain look toward Kate, half expecting to see tears in her eyes.

"Goodbye, John." Joyfully neurotic laughter echoed out of her ears as though it were the Fourth of July.







Kelley Schmitt

andcelloplaycellothe  
Regina Dawn Allen '87

strings pulled taut, pulled  
Differently  
over another state's wood polished  
and reflecting many  
identities vibrate  
under some thoughtful caress.

These vibrate and the  
few appear a  
thousand and cry

Beautifully  
for some thousand  
gazes  
reflected in the hollow body.  
Their reveries are swallowed  
into this

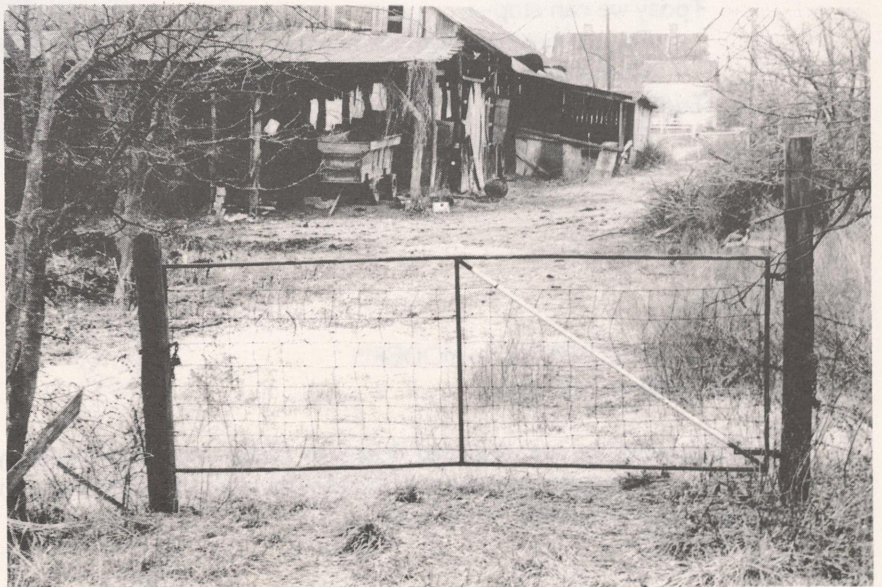
dark belly and spewed

Gently  
back to the sea of arid expressions  
where they float to the  
surface of their  
wakening stares and  
wash their  
faces with the reality

of a  
resonating  
melody.

## METAMORPHOSIS: THE INDESCRIBABLE CHANGE Lihbin Shiao '90

This very morning was neither sunny  
nor filled with rain.  
It was one of those in-between days  
Filled with transparent clouds  
Of a dull unrevealing gray.  
But there was one thing  
definitely not the same.  
It wasn't just the strange  
Black tulips that seemed  
To have popped out of nowhere  
beside the red and yellow,  
though they were in a way  
a sign to the girl inside  
who'd planted them years ago  
And never having seen them  
thought they'd died.  
It wasn't just the black ant hills  
which seemed to have been built overnight  
by a bunch of concerned busy bodies.  
It was a ball, a sphere  
Almost tangible but not quite real  
Emanating from within the girl  
who still lay though awake crying in her bed.  
Rising now to look aimlessly  
through fog condensed windows  
Not bothering to wipe away the tears  
but letting them run down her cheeks and chin  
to hit the floor  
Like raindrops when a cloud has  
first begun to break and rumble uncontrollably  
She stood there looking deceptively calm,  
Taking in the new days' changes  
But unable to let go of the old  
though sad days and all her memories  
Then reaching behind herself  
To where the phone had fallen days ago  
She dialed a number only to hang up slowly  
and smile sadly at herself within her cage of glass.



Kelley Schmitt



TODAY WE CAN  
Anonymous

Ashes.  
Dust.  
Empty lots.

Feelings.  
Graves.  
Nowhere to go.

Some spoke.  
No one listened.  
No one cared.

The aftermath.  
The realization.

One child crying for his mother;  
One mother weeping for her lost child;  
One husband mourning for his dead wife.

They were alone—  
There was no place to go.  
They were alone—  
There was no one to listen;  
There was no one to believe.

Mourner's prayer  
Learning.  
Never again!

Today we will believe,  
But who will teach us?  
Today we will stop,  
But who will we stop for?  
Today we will listen,  
But who will we listen to?

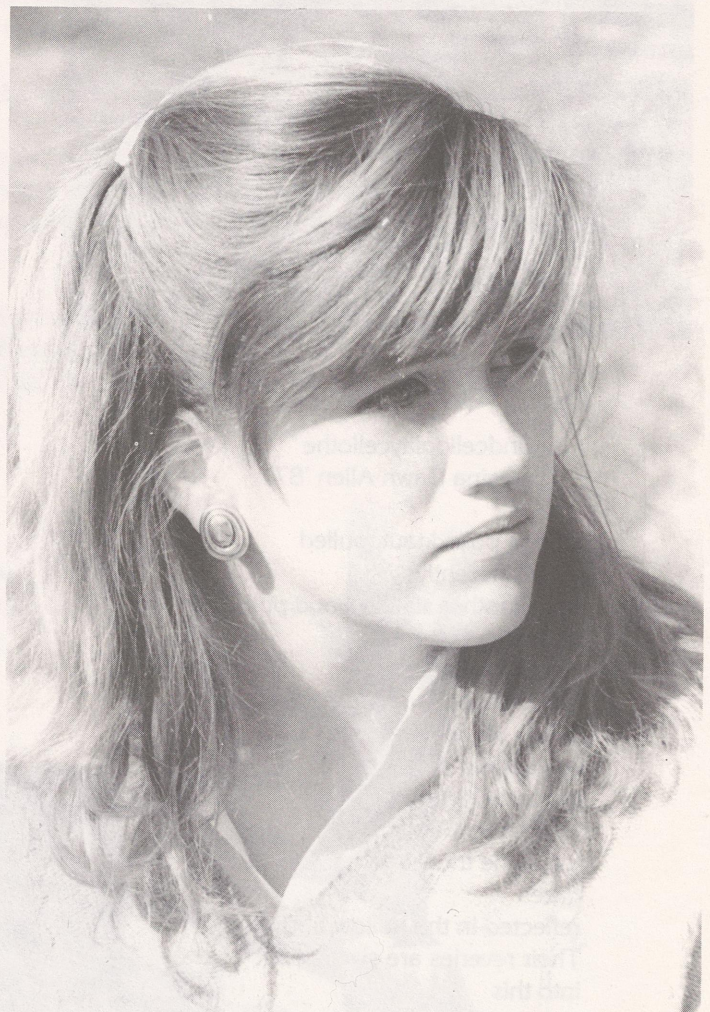
Today we can believe—  
For the old man's mother.  
Today we can stop—  
For our neighbor with his number  
Engraved in his arm—forever.  
Today we can cry—  
For our six million dead.

AUTOMATIC WRITING—MODERN  
Regina Dawn Allen '87

Five idols wait for the next doomed victims to trudge into the forbidding yellow room to have their innocent minds ripped apart and pasted together again with the play theories of a sophisticated modern world that can boast the ability to blow itself up twenty times over. I'm impressed.

Sarah E. Ruccio '89

be still  
like a hummingbird  
flying free  
but not away.  
Sweet songs  
every note is heard  
warming rays  
kiss the day.  
Green life  
blooming once a year  
but my love  
forever May  
be still  
like a hummingbird  
flying free  
on our way.



Sarah Carroll



